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his holy office, we can hope for little real progress. This, we know, is called high-church doctrine, and the lovers of dim religious light, and devotees of forms and ceremonies may think we are on their side, but we assure them we mean not what they do. We hold that a church should be a living exemplar of the truth, and every appearance of falsity or worldliness in it should be guarded against as religiously as the minister would avoid heresy or infidelity; we believe, also, that the Architect should feel that he has just as sacred a duty to perform, in his work, as the minister has in his, and should so do that all his labors may tend to the glory of God and salvation of man.

How far any such idea has been carried out in the Third Unitarian Church, our readers will readily judge by the context. We have taken this building to illustrate some ideas on church building and not because it is better or worse than a dozen others that could be pointed out, hoping that these suggestions may be profitable to those who may contemplate similar undertakings in the future.

There are two other churches on Reservoir Square. That which is on the Sixth Avenue side attracts our attention by having over its central window, following the line of the arch, a sign with these words in large gilt letters, "Prot. Episc. Church," and under them in very small letters, these words "of the," — "Advent." On

the ground floor, on one side, we behold another sign, "Practical Upholsterer." The opposite side, we believe, is occupied as a real estate office. The cellars are to let, and will probably be devoted in course of time to beer and oysters.

In this building we have another kind of poverty, but with this honorable distinction, that the vestrymen are not ashamed of their poverty, and seek not to hide it with cheap imitations. So they go into business, set up a commercial sort of a church, which though it is much after the manner of ordinary shop buildings, has nothing in it to offend the eye, but on the contrary is modest and unpretending, as it should be. We trust that this congregation will make money with their shops and thus be enabled some day to build a church worthy of the name.

The third church, on the forty-second street side, is, to use a Hibernicism, a chapel. But as a church edifice is now being built in front of it which promises in a few months to obscure all that we now see of it, we take this occasion to call attention to a simple and unpretending yet truthful piece of architecture, in which we rejoice to see some good effects of color even with rough materials, and which we believe was conceived in the true spirit. It shows, perhaps, better than anything else that we have, how much can be produced by ordinary materials at small cost. It is designed by Foster and Babb, who show by their work that in many respects they are with us in spirit.

A LETTER TO A SUBSCRIBER.

New York, December, 1863.

Mr. ——, Baltimore, Md.,

Dear Sir,

Your letter, enclosing the price of subscription for the "New Path," for one year, was duly received, and your words of good cheer were read with pleasure. We have been greeted, in certain quarters, by very different voices from yours, some of them altogether offensive and scurrilous; others cold and unsympathetic; and then, again, there have hailed us, from the great ocean, where our little craft is sailing

with the myriad others, small and great—ours, surely, among the smallest—voices, of which yours is the echo, voices of good, kindly and brave men, who have sailed long and far, and known all weathers, and all the dangers of the way,—welcoming us as comrades, cheering us with hope of a good ending, and bidding us God speed.

For all these greetings,—and why not for the gruff as well as the kindly? we are, we trust, rightly thankful; and yours, too, would have been of unmixed cheer if that unlucky post-

script had not been written. If you remember, thus it ran :

“Should you ever conclude to bring Politics within the scope of the ‘New Path,’ you will *immediately*, thereafter discontinue my paper.”

This word, “Politics,” puzzled me exceedingly for the space of thirty seconds, or less. Taken in its ordinary signification, why you should suspect us of any intention to make politics a leading topic in our journal, or, why the introduction of that particular subject should be so curiously offensive to you, would have been inexplicable if I had not suddenly remembered that your letter was written in Baltimore, a city in what used to be a slave-state, and that, when you said “Politics,” of course you meant, “Slavery.” It was at once evident that the postscript itself was a veritable curiosity, being, perhaps, one of the last existing specimens of the sort of missive which used to be sent, regularly, by every Southern gentleman to the editor of the Northern journal he subscribed to, dictating what he should say, and what he should not say, and which always commanded implicit obedience from the subservient editors aforesaid, a habit of obedience which some of them have not been able, even at this late day, to lay aside altogether.

This explanation, of course, set me at ease at once, and made clear why you laid such stress upon the omission of what you facetiously called “Politics,” putting a capital “P,” which, when you see the joke, has really all the effect of a wink; and underscoring the “immediately,” so as to let us know that there was to be no delay, whatever, in stopping the paper the very instant that the ill-savored topic should be introduced. For, you will see, that so long as I thought that, by “politics,” you meant only politics, I could not understand why you should object to our leaving Art for that, rather than for Religious Controversy, or Metallurgy, or Homœopathy, or Discussions concerning the Lost Tribes, or any other matter that might wean us from our first love; but, so soon as I saw that, when you said “Politics,” you meant “Slavery,” I understood the whole matter.

It will never do, therefore, to send you the “New Path” without having

first set you right as to our position and the position of the journal itself. The explanation I offer is not impertinent; it is plain that you need it, and there will be many who need it as much as you.

The “New Path,” then, is not published as a money-making speculation, nor with any hope, or even urgent wish that it may pay its way. We should as soon expect, if we were soldiers, that the enemy, after every discharge of our musketry, would politely advance and draw from their pockets the amount of cash necessary to pay for the ammunition which had just decimated their ranks, as that picture buyers, in general, or the artists, would care to expend their small change for such a plain-spoken, meddling asker of unanswerable, or, not-to-be-answered questions, as this same “New Path.” We exist for the purpose of stirring up strife; of breeding discontent; of pulling down unsound reputations; of making the public dissatisfied with the work of most of the artists, and, better still, of making the artists dissatisfied with themselves. We refuse our respect to popular verdicts, or rather, to what are called such, but which are, in fact, the verdicts of friendly or interested cliques, and we utterly deny the value of the greater number of Academic laws, believing that they and the Academies which made and uphold them have done harm, and only harm, to the sacred cause of true Art.

Then, again, we are sufficient to ourselves. We neither ask for people’s money nor for their praise. At all events, we will not stir a hair’s breadth out of our appointed way to gain a copper or a smile. We do not care to be attractive; we have no famous contributors; nobody is paid anything to write for us, and nobody will be, and we make no effort to cater to the love of amusement. We have no “Art Items,” and if you wish to know where all the artists are going for the summer, how much Jones got for his painting of *A Pair of Nutcrackers*, which “for tenderness of tone, harmony of color, delicacy of drawing and carefulness of composition has seldom been surpassed,” or what unfinished work Smith has on his easel, you must go somewhere else, for it will never be

our business to tell you. If you like us, it must be for something very different from that which draws you to your favorite newspaper or magazine; you must like us because we are in earnest, because we are *iconoclasts*, because we will not budge from the stand we have taken, and because it is plain that we have made up our minds to be heard.

This is a plain statement, you will admit, and you will understand from it without difficulty how impossible it would be for us to take your money, or any man's, on conditions. What we shall say, and what we shall leave unsaid is decided without the slightest reference to anybody's opinions but our own.

"But," you will exclaim, "this is a very uncomfortable, truculent, waspish vein, and does not in any way answer to my notion of what an Art Journal should aim at. I look at pictures to be amused, soothed, calmed; to be lifted above these dull, harassing earthly scenes into a realm of pure imagination, and, while I can tolerate a reasonable amount of fault-finding, which acts, in fact, like a sort of titillation to the moral nerves, and, so, produces, in its way, a species of pleasure,—I find, on the whole that praise is better; search for all the good there may be in the picture or statue, and talk of that; after all, you know, 'tis only a difference of taste: the moral law has nothing to do with these matters, and a blessed thing it is that there is one subject, at least, that gentlemen can discuss over their wine and cigars without the danger of raising more than a ripple on the surface of polite conversation."

Just here, my friend, is where you and we part company. See, now, the reason why you can never thoroughly sympathize with us, and why we can never condescend to you. Our views of the nature and end of Art are fundamentally different from yours. For you it is an amusement; to us it is profound study. To you, it is a trifling pursuit, meant for trifling minds, or, at best, for men in their lightest moods; to us, it is one of the most serious of human pursuits, demanding the full service of the best powers. The men whom you call artists are, with comparatively few exceptions, and of these

not more than two or three are in America,—persons who have adopted this profession merely as an easy means of making a living: men of little general culture, or accomplishment, without any particular aim in the world, or any message to their fellows, of importance enough to excuse their leaving the ranks of active mechanical workers to deliver it. For the most part, too—and here the American exceptions are painfully few—our painters are men who have never thoroughly mastered their trade—have never given time and study enough to learn to draw or to lay on color; they are mere tyros, without learning, outside of their profession or in it, and yet laying claim to all the respect and consideration which ought to be the hard-earned reward of long and patient devotion to a work held little less than sacred.

Now, I assert that the Artist must be a man of a very different stamp from this. You cannot well put the standard too high. The more culture, the better intellect, the higher moral nature, the more knowledge—the greater the Artist. The greatest artists—Giotto, Angelico, Durer, Raphael, Angelo, Leonardo, Titian, Reynolds, Turner—were among the best intellects of their time, men of varied learning and accomplishment. There was scarcely one of them who would not have filled, with credit, any part that might have been assigned to him. They were not only painters, they were sculptors, architects, engineers, ambassadors, authors, the companions of princes, the friends of the greatest and best men of their times, leaders in society, held in the highest public honor,—men, in the fullest sense of the word.

What is the work of the Artist? Is he to cater to our amusement, to feed our idle mirth, to charm us with sensual delights, to make himself a superior sort of mountebank, only a little higher than a Blondin or a Leotard? Is he a designer of elegant ornaments, to be classed at the head of those who make our carpets, invent our furniture, paint our china, and set our precious stones? Is there any incongruity in finding in the same shop, Raphael, Angelo, Frère and Holman Hunt for sale along with cuckoo-clocks, watch-cases, and paper-folders, or, do they all belong, pictures, Swiss carvings, bon-bons and potiche-

manie, in the same inventory with "objets de luxe," "articles de vertu," and "articles de Paris?"

No, by Heaven! The Artist is leader and teacher, nothing less! He ranks with Homer, and Dante, with Chaucer and Milton and Shakspere; and all the true artists, great and small, lift up their grand and beautiful, but silent, voices in sweet accord with all the poets of the race. There are artists to-day, and shall be more, who are nobly carrying on the work begun by great men in the past, and helping the race forward by their teachings, and we are working, feebly it may be, but with what might we have, to hold the high aim that animates these men before the youth of our own country, that they may follow in the path of the true artists who have gone before them, and shed such gracious light about our darkling human ways.

We would have the young men, who to-day are moved to follow Art, believe, first of all, that they are entering upon a work in which, to win an honest, enduring name, all their best powers must be exerted to the full, for the task is not easy, but one most difficult. They will see about them many men calling themselves artists, and called so by the world, who gain their living, more or less easily, by covering canvases with colors dissolved in oil. On these canvases they portray the likenesses of things in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, with much or little fidelity. Some of them hit most nearly, and with the readiest response in cash, the figures of water-fowl, others, of four-footed beasts, others, of men and women. Others, again, without a blush, declare that the colors, which they have smeared over the pure canvas, do verily stand for the fair face of nature herself, and that this part of the smearing is a mountain, this a tree, and this a rock, and that unlike as they may be to the facts of mountain, tree and rock, as we have observed them, they are "developed from the idea," and, therefore, to be accepted. Others, again, draw upon what they call the Imagination, and portray impossible people in improbable attitudes, doing unlikely things. These last call themselves exclusively imaginative or creative artists, and

though they do not, on the whole, get as much cash as the others, which with these men is the sole criterion of excellence, yet they assume for themselves, and are granted generally, greater importance and a higher rank, which make up for a less plethoric purse.

Our young neophyte will find these men not only in one country but in all where Art is cultivated. As many in France, in Germany, in England, as in America. He will find that Art is looked upon as a trade, as a money-making profession, one which, in the aristocratic countries, has this great advantage, that a gentleman can enter it, make money, and still remain a gentleman. And, as is legitimate in trade, he will find the division of labor complete. Jones has painted a picture of a grouse that sold: henceforth, he will paint grouse by the gross. He becomes known as the man who 'does' grouse. He cannot, or will not, paint anything else, and so long as the grouse sell faster than he can paint them, why should he risk his bread and butter in doubtful experiments? Brown has painted a portrait of a lady that looks like any pretty woman, and immediately the carriages of sitters besiege his door. "My fortune is made," cries the lucky painter, "I will paint only pretty women, and all shall be pretty alike!" and, henceforth, Brown paints nothing but one eternal face in one eternal way. Robinson has painted a landscape, in which the rocks, taking some person's fancy, get praised, and the picture sells, and now every picture of Robinson's must have one of his rocks in it, no matter whether the rock could have been there in nature or not. 'Tis Robinson's mark, like Wouverman's white horse, or Teniers' boor.

Robinson may paint his rock as often as he will, only let him not meddle with Smithers' "sunset," or Briggs' "glow," or Driggs' "white birch-tree." The new-comer will observe these men and their ways with wonder, but their success with greater wonder still. Let him not, however, believe that they are in any sense of the word, Artists; they are nothing but more or less successful tradesmen, men with a knack, painters of grouse, blue-berries, coats, gowns, rocks and white birch-trees. The Artist is not a man who paints

pictures for a living, only, and who cares little what he paints, nor how, so that it sells. He is a man with thoughts which he burns to express in form and color; with knowledge of nature that he has gained by long and patient, loving study, and which he yearns to impart, that we may be sharers in his deep delight; with large love of his kind, and warm faith in human goodness in which we must perforce be led to share as he sets before us his strong and tender transcripts of the sad, sweet human story; in a word, he is one who sees far and deep into man and nature, and who is trained and instructed to make true report of what he sees. The Poet and the Artist have the same errand in the world, and while one sings his message to the ear, the other paints his to the eye. Only, this condition is common to both; each must have something to sing that is worth the hearing, and he must be thorough master of his instrument.

But what, you exclaim in despair, has all this to do with my not wishing you to meddle with politics? Nothing at all, if by politics you meant tariffs, internal revenue, public improvements and the like; much, if, as I shrewdly suspect, you mean slavery. For, it follows from what I have tried to set forth as the work of the Artist, that every human experience from which he can draw lessons for the teaching of the race belongs to him as much as to the Poet, and if he is moved by a right understanding of his work, he will see in the deepest human experiences subjects of the highest and most enduring interest. He will confess that it is time, at last, that Christianity, long since admitted to the mastership of man's highest as well as lowest field of work, to the law, to medicine, to the merchant's counting-room, to the mechanic's shop, should enter into the temple of Art, and consecrate its votaries, who have so long made it a house of merchandize, to an office worthy of the large respect they claim.

When, in the Introduction to the "New Path," the writer asserted that after forty years of work our elder artists had given us nothing that we care to keep, what answer did we get, coming it is true from a source of no authority, but well enough represent-

ing the conservative class? We were reproached with having made a statement wilfully false, or unpardonably ignorant, and were called unintelligent and unjust for consigning to oblivion the best portraits of Stuart, Allston and Inman, and, Heaven save the mark!—the skies of Cole! The coarseness of the terms with which these illustrations of our ignorance were ushered in might well be forgotten in the drollery of the illustrations themselves, but the comical climax was reached when we were gravely informed that these earlier names in the history of our Art could no more be lightly set aside by us than the names of Reynolds and Gainsborough could be treated with disrespect by Mr. Ruskin! Did the writer of these words ever see a Reynolds or a Gainsborough? We must believe not. If he had, surely he would have hesitated before making the treatment accorded to two of the greatest Painters that ever lived, a standard for the judgment of four men of whom three had, perhaps, a little merit, and one was the veriest dauber that ever spoiled good canvas.

We repeat our words. American painters have produced no work for forty years that is worth keeping, unless it may be for historical purposes. There never has been one of them sufficiently master of his technics to make his mere painting valuable without reference to the subject treated, nor has there ever been one who had so much to say, and of such high import, that we could well afford to listen, though he stammered and hesitated in delivering his message. We say this boldly, because truth is best, and the time is come when it can hurt but few to acknowledge what every disinterested observer has long known. Art in America has been pursued on wrong principles. Its aims have been misunderstood; the Artist's work has not been comprehended. And beside that Art has suffered from the provincial character of all our culture, the moral atmosphere at home has been deadly to all high aspiration or achievement. We have been under the ban of a great national sin, concerning which all the religious teachers, all the literary men, all the best society, all the schools and colleges were, apparently, leagued together by a silent compact to utter no

word of remonstrance, rebuke or complaint. More moral cowardice has been shown by people in the front rank of our society, by clergymen, authors, school-teachers, professors, merchants, gentlemen and ladies, towards the sin of slavery than is good for the moral health to think of, or remember. Now, when a man is mastered by a great sin, everything he does feels the influence of that sin, and the same is true of a nation. So, our moral weakness infected everything. It gave a coward air to our Senate, to our churches, to our private manners, to our social intercourse. We were always avoiding something, which, of course, was always coming round the corner. Could Art hope to escape the general contagion? No, it felt it, as everything else did, and never to this day has an American painted a line that could be construed into a reproach to American Slavery, nor even into a suspicion that he was hostile to the system.*

* NOTE. A friend, looking over my shoulder as I write, demurs to this statement as unjust to at least three men, Collier, Gray, and Ward, who have, within a year, executed works avowedly directed against slavery. But I had not forgotten either of these performances in looking over the whole field, carefully, as I did, before writing. In the first place, my remark seems to me directed clearly enough against the men who did not strike slavery when strokes were needed, but I cannot give gentlemen, however well-meaning, credit for crying "stop thief" after the culprit is in the hands of the proper officers, and on his way to prison. It is very easy to be an abolitionist now; it is *la mode*, and every gentleman disapproves of slavery; but when Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom," and Lowell wrote the "Biglow Papers," and Emerson delivered his Lecture on Daniel Webster, and Phillips and Parker preached their fiery crusade, Abolitionism meant social ostracism, and could only be avowed at immense personal sacrifice.

Still we would not be churlish, and if these artists had given three separate blows that must have killed slavery if it had not been dead already, we would have taken the will for the deed, and modified our criticism in their favor. But surely Gray and Collier's pictures and Ward's statue could never have made the most pro-slavery man that ever breathed, uneasy in his mind for the space of ten seconds. As for Mr. Collier, we are grateful to him for his practical anti-slavery work of the past three years, but we cannot add to our debt his picture of the last Academy Ex-

And yet, what a work Art might have accomplished if there had been a man with a warm heart, and a clear brain, and a skillful pencil, to seize the golden opportunity! The day is gone by for the deed, but, what a splendor of fame, with what consciousness of desert, might have been won by him who should have held this infamy up for our loathing and our tears of burning shame, in marble or on the canvas. A woman's lightly-moving pen, a brave young singer's light, satiric rhymes, a star-bright poet's falchion strokes redeemed our Literature from the wholesale charge of recreancy, but Harriet Stowe and Lowell, and Emerson have no fellow-laborers with mallet and pencil. Yet what subjects were there, lying in broad sunlight, for him who would, to seize! Tragic, pathetic, satiric, where was there ever such another field? Think what Dante would have done with it, with his eye that saw through all disguises, his tongue of fire that spared neither friend nor

libition, which was suggestive of nothing but petty larceny on the part of the little black boy therein depicted. It was plain he had been robbing the till, and was anxious to be round the corner expending his ill-got pennies in peanuts. Mr. Gray's picture had no force, directness, or point of any kind, and was by no means as well painted as he can do.

Mr. Ward is by far the best sculptor in America, and there is no man calling himself American, at home or abroad, who could have made the figure of the negro which Mr. Ward contributed to the last Academy Exhibition, but Mr. Ward himself. As a blow levelled against slavery, however, it was most ineffectual. The most pro-slavery of plantation overseers could have taken only a pure satisfaction from the contemplation of such a "splendid nigger." With such a model on his mantel-piece how his imagination would have glowed over the fancy price to be obtained for such a display of bone and muscle. Only one thing in the statue would have roused his indignation. That any blacksmith could have been found stupid enough to make handcuffs that would fall to pieces of their own accord, would have been too much for his credulity or his equanimity. His admiration for the "likely fellow" would have been over-balanced by his contempt for the blacksmith—Yankee, of course. As for any moral impression, it could never have been produced by Mr. Ward's admirably scientific performance. It requires different work from any that we have been considering, to stir the hearts, convince the minds or rouse the consciences of men.

foe, his heart that beat for humanity, his intellect that saw the subtlest relations. What subjects for Angelo, fit for his mighty wrath; what scenes to move the divine tenderness and pity of Angelico; what food for Swift and Rabelais; what a tale Chaucer would have given us, in which Southern chivalry and Northern cowardice would have been pricked to death by his laughing satire, or, some slave's experience of cruellest wrong would have touched the heart with deeper ruth than his Griselda or Huguelin of Pise can move. But, these men are dead, and the sin has been repented of, and punished with no help from Art, and but little from Literature. The rude instinct of the people has at last battered down, by the bloody hand of war, that awful House of Sin, which would have melted like ice if only the sunbeams of Art and Literature, and the culture of the rich and wise had flamed steadily against it, all these long years of prosperous peace. But they would not, and God took away from them the glory of the victory, and gave it to others.

In modern art, two men, and, so far as we know, only two, have recorded their witness against this sin. Ary Scheffer, a Frenchman, put very prominently into his best picture—the "Christus Consolator,"—a negro slave, from whose limbs the fetters are falling, in the presence of the Christ. The engraving from this picture has been largely sold, and has been disseminated far and wide, in copies more or less faithful, photographs, &c., but all carrying with them this mute testimony to the unchristian character of slavery. Doubtless it did much good; we know it pricked some consciences. A publishing firm in Philadelphia wishing to adorn an edition of the Prayer book, which they had printed, with Scheffer's picture, and knowing that, if the slave were left in it, bearing his silent witness to the emancipating force of Christ's teachings, Southern Christians would be unable to pray—engraved the picture and left out the negro, and the book, with that omission, exists to-day, to their everlasting disgrace.

Within a few weeks, we have received in this country J. Noel Paton's "Bond and Free;" copies in photo-

graph of a set of drawings made for distribution to the members of the Glasgow Art Union. They represent scenes in the life of the slave;—the Capture of the Slave Ship by English Sailors;—the Auction Block at New Orleans; the Chase with Bloodhounds; the Colony of Freedmen; and Christ the Avenger of His Little Ones. These drawings should be re-produced here, and circulated, widely and cheaply, under arrangements with the Artist or the Art Union, for they are capable of doing a mighty work even yet. Had they been published when "Uncle Tom" fell into the tender conscience of the nation like a seed into gracious earth, they would have trebled the influence of that wonderful book. As it is, they come somewhat late, when God, working with such influences as He could find, has nearly broken up the sin that wasted us, and there is little left to do. But, still, I wish they could be circulated, for they are drawings of extraordinary beauty, clearness and power, by a leader among the Pre-Raphaelites.

I have endeavored, I am afraid in a clumsy way, to make clear to you some of the notions of the men who publish the "New Path" as to what is the domain of Art, and what is the Artist's work. We do not mean that he should be necessarily a preacher or a pedagogue, or that he should always have a moral tagged on to his pictures and statues. But he ought to be a power in the world, and one of the most effective of the powers. What he does ought to make men better and happier, or enlarge the circle of our knowledge of nature and of man, or feed the deep, strong craving of the race for beautiful things, with mighty, satisfying food. The Artist's work comprehends the naturalist's, the judge's, the priest's, the historian's, and sets their teachings in subtlest line and tenderest color before our eyes. The painter who is a sensualist, or a trifler or a buffoon, or who paints to boil his pot, has no right to the name of artist. To be that, he must have a lofty ideal, he must be true to himself, and master, more and more, of the techniques of his profession.

To hold up this standard, and to excite the young to follow it, is our work in the world. But, to do that work

thoroughly we must be free; free from favoritism, free from prejudice, free from outside dictation, with no private ends to subserve, and not afraid to speak out, clear and bold, whatever we think ought to be said.

At the last, and looking over what I have written, I am struck with a sus-

picion that this very letter will subject us to the loss of your subscription. If this should, unhappily for you, prove true, would you be so good as to let us know by the earliest mail, and your money shall be immediately returned.

Yours, respectfully,
THE "NEW PATH."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE want of proper illustration of what we so often allude to as "faithful study from nature," has so long been felt that the proprietors of this journal propose to publish a series of ten photographs from drawings and paintings by men of the Realist School, provided a sufficient number of subscriptions are received to warrant the undertaking. The photographs will vary from five to eight inches in extreme dimension, and will be mounted on uniform cardboard, fourteen by twenty-two inches in size. The price of the set of ten will be six dollars; of single copies, seventy-five cents. Specimens can be seen at the store of A. Brentano, 708 Broadway, N. Y. Persons intending to subscribe will please send word to that effect, as soon as possible, to the New Path, Box 4740, New York. Due notice will be given when the money is required.

- THE NEW PATH is issued monthly. Subscription price one dollar a year. Single copies ten cents, for sale by August Brentano, No. 708 Broadway. Subscriptions will be received by the Editor or by any member of the Society.

All communications to be addressed to *The Editor of THE NEW PATH*, Box No. 4740, New York.